

June 2

Life

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NOTICE TO READER

When you finish reading this magazine place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas.

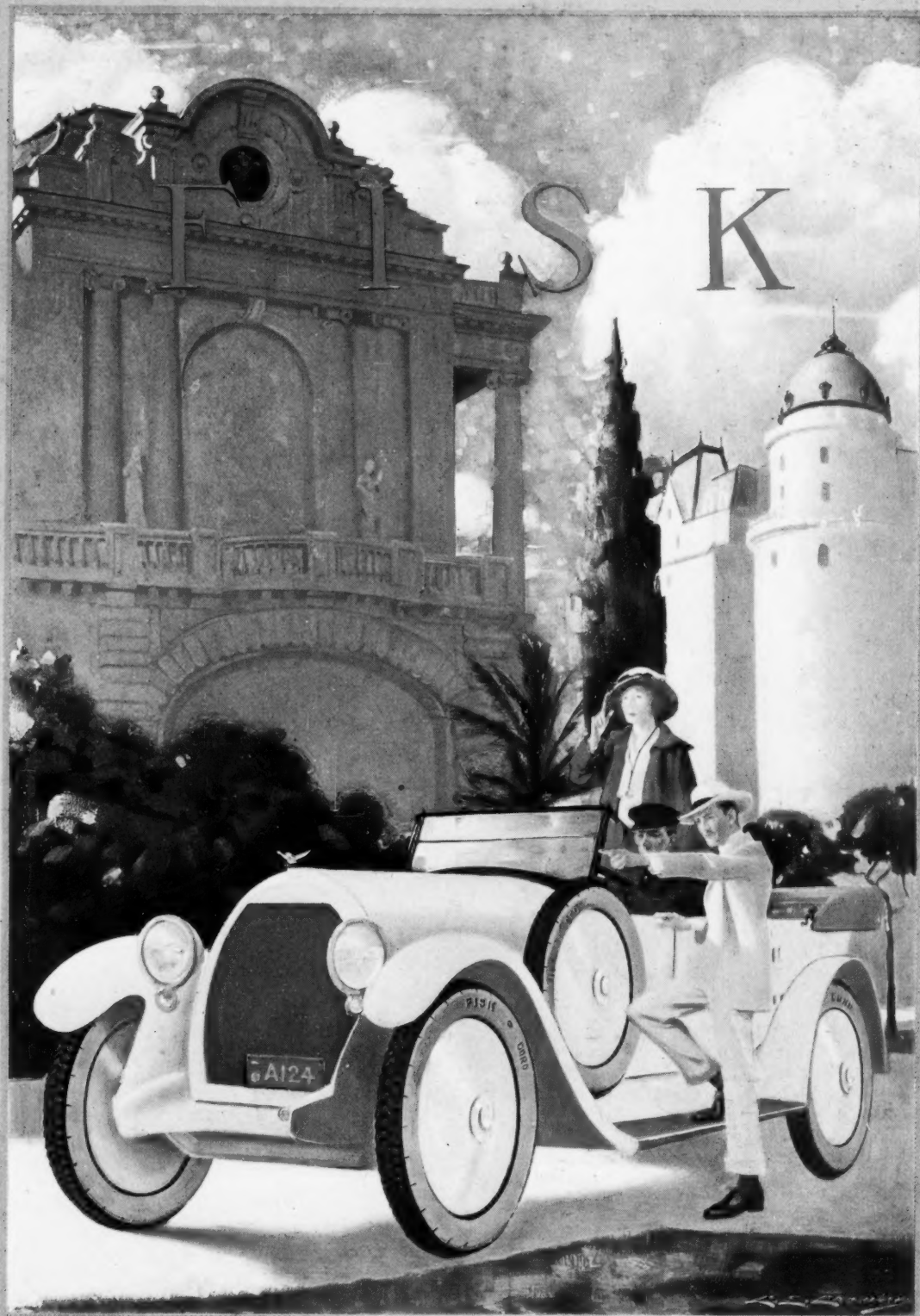
NO WRAPPING

NO ADDRESS



Norman
Rockwell

"When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary——"



© The Fisk Rubber Company, 1918

From the painting by C. E. Chambers. Engraved by Beck

FISK—A word meaning tire satisfaction to motor tourists everywhere—good tires plus real service in 130 Fisk Branches throughout the United States. Wherever you may tour, nearby will be found a Fisk Branch waiting to serve you.



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If your Camp Exchange or jeweler cannot show you the O-B Military Rings and Patriotic Jewelry—send us your name, camp or fort address, rank, company and regimental numbers and ring size direct. Write for booklet, "O-B in Camp and at the Front."

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The Diary of a Nation

War Editorials from LIFE

BY

EDWARD S. MARTIN

What the Reviewers say about it:

From the San Francisco Chronicle:

These papers are all very informal. They make no pretense at covering the whole diplomatic field, and yet they are far more valuable as a history of America's reactions to the European war than any other record which has thus far come under review. They are the main facts plus an intelligent and most interesting interpretation.

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country—

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One reason for this pressing invitation is that the week after next will be issued the Navy Number of LIFE, and as all the world is interested in the American Navy, it would naturally be a crime not to give everyone the opportunity to see this remarkable number of LIFE. To place your order with your newsdealer is one way, but you may forget it. To subscribe at once, and while you are doing this to send in an additional subscription for a sailor, is a patriotic duty.

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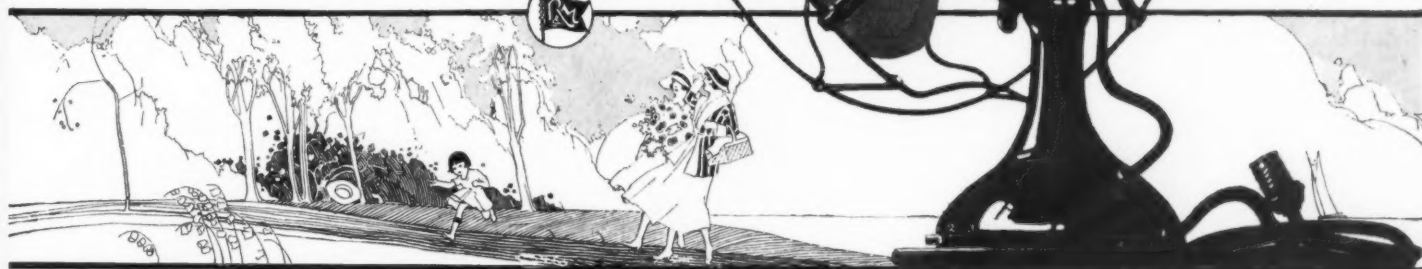
One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)

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Domestic rates are sufficient if subscriptions are sent to ships whose mail goes in care of the New York Postmaster, or to soldiers if addressed to them as members of the American Expeditionary Forces.

For the fleets and armies of our Allies, the rate is \$6.04.

The Sign of a Breeze



A Fan is as Good as its Motor

A fan is a motor with blades that throw the air. Most fan breezes feel alike. You can't judge a fan by the "feel" of its breeze—you must look behind the breeze and the blades—the motor.

The motor's the thing—by it alone can you gauge the quality and performance of the fan you buy. A fan is as good as its motor.

So, look back of the fan.

Every Robbins & Myers Fan is guaranteed as to excellence of workmanship, materials and motor performance. These are the three vitals of motor durability—the qualities that make your fan a hot-weather friend through years of steady service—the values that bring you your full money's-worth.

Whether for ceiling, desk or wall; whether oscillating, non-oscillating or ven-

tilating; for home, office or factory; for operation on direct or alternating current; there is the very style and size of fan in the Robbins & Myers line.

First glance tells you if it is a Robbins & Myers Fan—the famous R & M flag is on the guard itself, heralding the motor quality and reputation back of it.

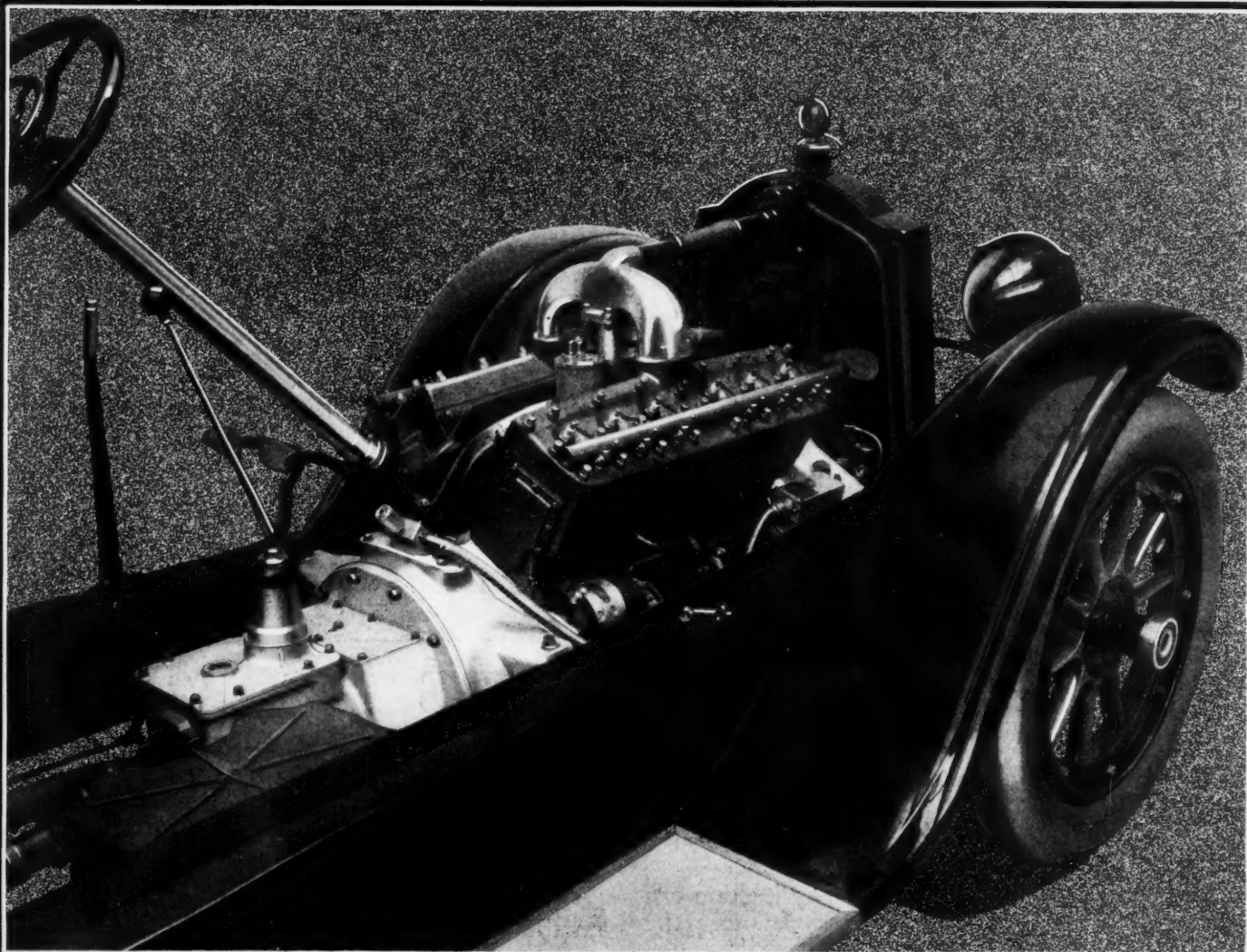
Robbins & Myers Motors for general power purposes are made in all sizes from 1-40 to 30 horsepower. They are also used by the makers of the better electrically-driven devices as a built-in part of their product, a feature which insures absolute reliability of operation.

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Twenty thousand owners call it a perfected mechanism—the Packard Twin Six power plant

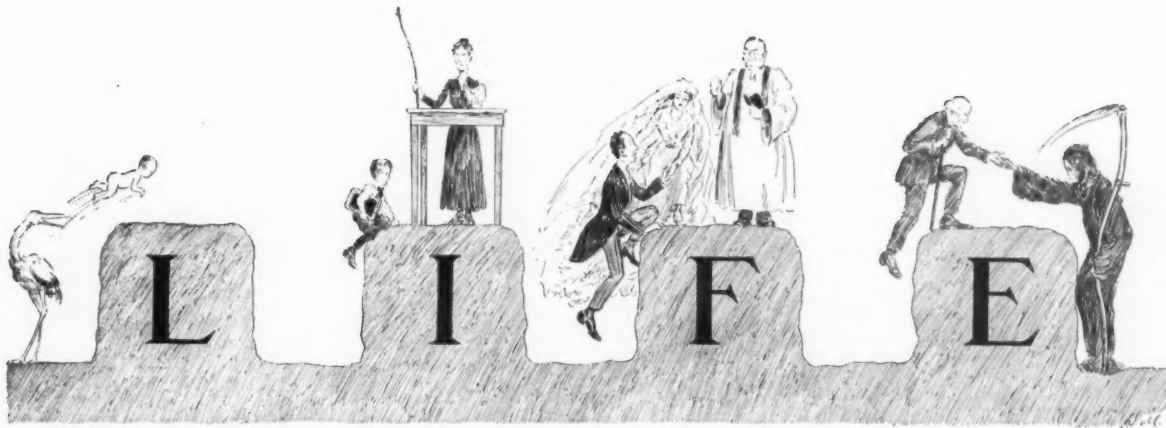


WIN SIX QUALITY is revealed when you lift the hood. Clean, symmetrical lines give a true picture of simple and sound design. That outward beauty of Packard workmanship is a symbol of intrinsic worth. Every detail a hall-mark of Packard performance, smoothness of action, range of ability, economy of tires and low cost of upkeep.

Owners call the Twin Six the embodiment of eager power under perfect control. Its war-time utility is expressed in terms of transportation, first-class travel over any road.

Ask the man who owns one

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Detroit



OVER THE TOPS



Mother: WILLIE, AS SOON AS YOUR FATHER COMES FROM CHURCH I SHALL TELL HIM HOW YOU HAVE SPENT THE SABBATH

Life's Fresh Air Fund

ONCE more LIFE renews its annual appeal for funds with which to send poor children from the hot and crowded districts of the city for a fortnight in the fresh air of the country. We know that this year the calls are many, but in helping others we must not forget our own whom we have always with us.

Inclusive of 1917, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation thirty-one years. In that time it has expended \$168,071.31 and has given a fortnight in the country to 39,193 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Balance forward from 1917.....	\$2,000.97
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AT LIFE'S FARM
DINNER TIME

Danger

TWO American soldiers in the front-line trench were watching an enemy plane circle overhead.

FIRST SAMMY (opening his mouth in an extensive yawn): Aw—oo!

SECOND SAMMY: For the love of Mike, man, shut your mouth. Fritz might think it's a dugout, and shell it!

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Restricted

BRIGGS: This movement to bar out the Hearst papers seems to be spreading.

GRIGGS: Yes. If it keeps on soon no one will be reading them but Mr. Daniels and Burleson.



NIGHTMARE OF AN ARTIST WHO PUT THE WRONG INSIGNIA ON A UNIFORM IN ONE OF HIS ILLUSTRATIONS.



SANDY MCTAVISH DROPPED SIXPENCE DURING LAST NIGHT'S RAID

Our Tortured Army Officers

THERE are points about the uniforms of the officers of our armed forces which are enough to make strong men shrink. The high, tight collar, for example, is useful to remind its wearers of the discomforts which the Pilgrim Fathers had to undergo when they were put in the stocks for wife-beating or sleeping in church; but it is difficult to see what other purpose it serves. The blouse, moreover, is so tight that when even a postage stamp is carried in one of the pockets its outline is apt to show through the cloth. As the war progresses, our officers will doubtless pick up many odds and ends which they will wish to carry in their pockets. In view of this fact, it might not be a bad idea if our uniforms were made comfortable, commodious, useful and stylish. The English have proved that it can be done. Since a five-year war is being predicted, the changes might as well come now as later, for we shall need our officers too much to allow them to be choked to death by their blouse-collars.

All the Same

"DID you tell old Moneyrocks that he must give until it hurts?"

"No. That wouldn't have made any difference to him. Anything he gives hurts."



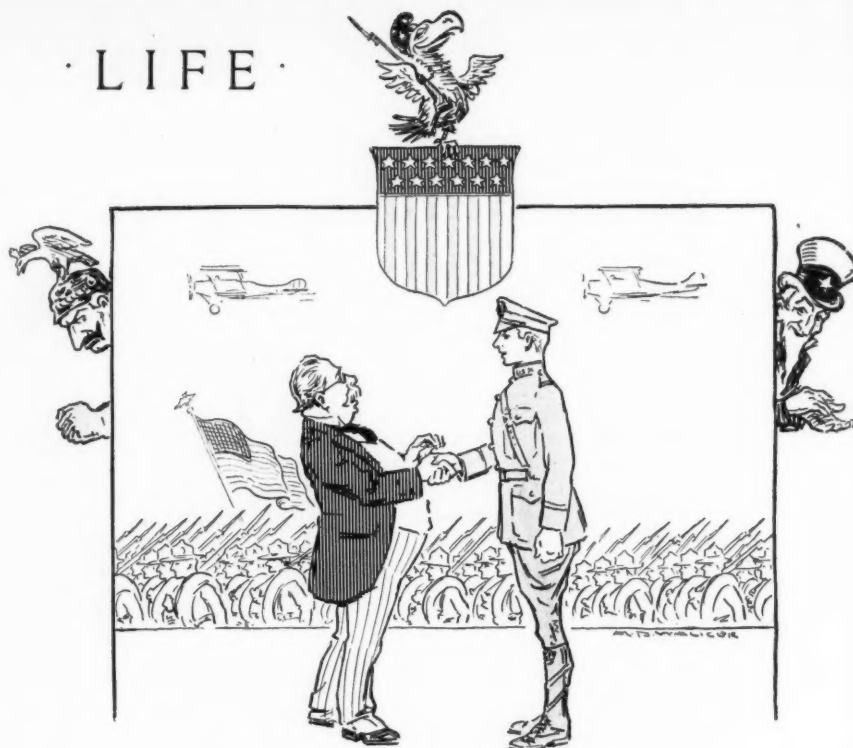
VERY FIRST AID

"Her Boy"

MY lad was such a home boy; every night
 He'd curl up in that big, brown, shabby chair,
 And dream of knights and swords and maidens fair;
 When war came, he would liken each grim fight
 With those his dear "Round Table" waged for right;
 And dreadful things his young heart couldn't bear,
 That happened babes and mothers "over there,"
 Fired his gray eyes with Galahad's pure light.

Of course he went to rescue in their need
 Those helpless mothers and their little ones;
 His captain wrote—I wished I'd seven sons
 To follow him, so proud I was to read!—
 "Because he loved his home with such romance,
 He gave his life to save the homes of France."

Charlotte Becker.



HERE'S TO THOSE LOYAL GERMAN-AMERICANS WHO, COMING TO AMERICA TO ESCAPE MILITARISM, ARE NOW SENDING THEIR SONS "OVER THERE" TO CRUSH IT!

The Hooverized Wedding

THE Food Administration has protested against the rice wasted on bridal couples. Now, why doesn't the Fuel Administration take up the question of all the calories that are wasted by young people who fall in love with those whom they never marry? A great many calories are squandered on park benches on moonlight nights.

If all the food products are to be removed from the nuptial ceremony, how about the "flour" girls, not to say the orange blossoms? Are these also to be banned from the banns?

Hereafter, those who take chances at the chancel will have to content themselves with "wry" bread at the wedding breakfast. And the Hooverized marriage service will run something like this:

I, M., take thee, N., to my wheatless wife, to save and conserve from this day forward, for corn muffins and rye, for beefless and porkless, forsaking all starchy foods, until hunger us do part (or the Food Administration).

If the Senate Committee for Deepening Waterways will forbid giving fees to the parsons, marriage will become quite popular. And there will still be old shoes, which are not foodstuffs, except in Germany.

"PAPA sat in his own pew in church to-day."

"But he was late, and I thought you had to get there at five minutes to eleven to get your own pew."

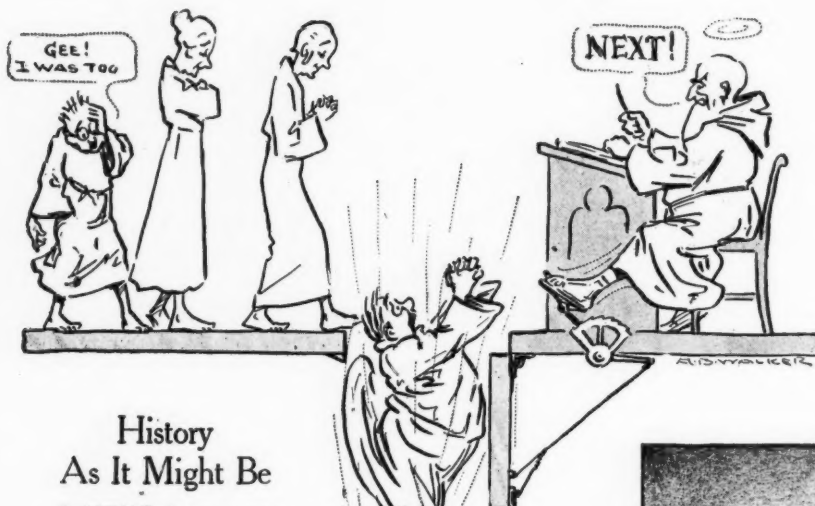
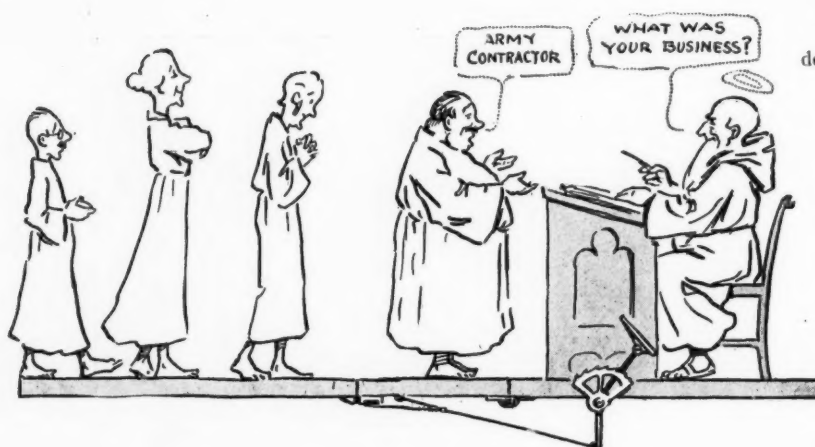
"You do; but the usher had never seen papa before, so he ushered him right into it."



LIEUTENANT JONES, PRACTISING CAMOUFLAGE, DISTURBS UNCLE RASTUS



IN YE GOODE OLDE DAYS
YE SEMI-ANNUAL ABLUTIONS



History As It Might Be

AMONG those arrested for vagrancy under the new idleness law was one W. G. McAdoo, who claimed that he was employed by the government. He had been caught leaning up against a post in the White House fence, breathing hard to convey the impression that he had been working.

"Now, my good man," said the judge, "we do not wish to be too hard on you, but every able-bodied man in this country must do something. What time do you get up in the morning?"

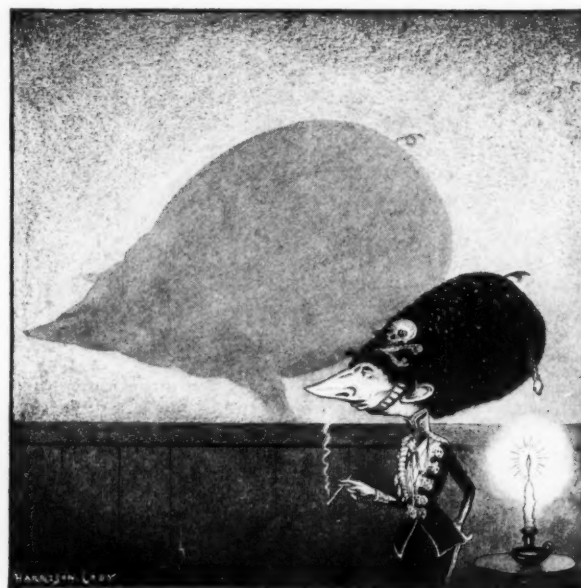
"Must I answer?"

"Positively. As you are not an employee of the Bureau of Public Information, you will be expected to tell the truth."

"Well, I am afraid I don't get up until four-fifteen."

"Four-fifteen! Ha! I suspected as much. And what time do you go to bed?"

THE TRAP-DOOR



PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG GENTLEMAN WHO ALWAYS SPEAKS OF ENGLISHMEN AS SWINE

"I'm afraid I go to bed at two-fifteen."
"Two-fifteen! Ha! And what do you do between times?"

"Well, your honor, I arrange bond issues, engage and discharge railroad presidents, make rates, raise and lower wages, argue with Hoover and Garfield, lay out advertising programs, read the President's messages, regulate Wall Street, keep tabs on all the banks, dictate four thousand letters and look after the baby."

"Look after the baby, eh? So that's the way you waste your time! Shameful!"

The prisoner blushed.

"Your honor," he said, "if you'll let me off this once, I promise to do better next time. I think I can work myself up in a few months to becoming Secretary of State, Secretary of War, Secretary of Agriculture and Secretary of the Navy, and in the course of another six months I hope to be doing something really useful."

The judge considered.

"Well," he said at last, "I'll let you off this time; but, on second thought, if you really intend to do your bit, perhaps, after all, you would better not cut out that baby. Surrounded as you are by certain companions, you certainly need the moral influence of that baby to keep you straight."



THAT MISCHIEVOUS TROTZKY BOY



JOHNNIE BURROUGHS

HISTORIC BOYS



WHEN WILL THE ASS SPEAK?

"And the Lord opened the mouth of the ass, and she said unto Balaam, What have I done unto thee that thou hast smitten me?"

Give Us the News!

GIVE us the news, whatsoever may happen,
Glorious triumph or gloom of defeat;
Dare not, presume not with heartstrings to meddle,
Thinking to temper the tension and beat.
Give us the news!

Give us the news of the boys who have left us;
Hold not the worst from the gaze of our eyes.
Think you that we who have sired them that battle
Lack for the strength from disaster to rise?
Give us the news!

Give us the news of our fighters, our children;
Tell us the whole, nor from sorrow refrain.
Think you that we who have borne them that suffer
Know not the way to be valiant in pain?
Give us the news!

Give us the news whatsoever may happen,
Victory joyful or loss in the fray;
Keep not the cup the Almighty has poured us.
God is the censor—stand out of the way.
Give us the news!

McLandburgh Wilson.



"WAIT A MINUTE, MISTER, AN' WE'LL H'IST YEZ INTO PLACE"

War and War

BLOODSHED; cruelty; savagery; brother fighting brother; wild beasts let loose in the land; fatherless children; outraged women; mothers bereft of their sons; cold; hunger; thirst; suffering; death and destruction everywhere—this is war.

COURAGE; self-sacrifice; determination; once careless youth alive to responsibility; work for hands hitherto useless; middle age, cast aside, called again to service; ceaseless giving without thought of return; unquestioning loyalty; a nation at last awake—this, too, is war.

The Millennium

THE DOMINIE: I'm glad to see you realize what our country is fighting for. This war will make the world a better place to live in.

"Betchure life it will, boss! De wimmin are beginning to do all de work."

People You Find on Every Beach

THE old boy with the white whiskers and the red face, who never misses anything.

The woman of indeterminate age with the stringy mouse-colored hair, who sits above high-water mark and puts everyone on the griddle.

The fond mother who chases her daughter down to the water's edge and stands guard with the raincoat.

The young man with knock knees, protuberant elbows and a thirty-two-inch chest, who is proud of his shape.

The plump lady who goes in up to her ankles and squats on each wave.

The manly chap who dashes in bravely, with a side glance to see whether the girls are aware of his heroic bearing.

The middle-aged lady who takes an hour to work out into three feet of water, and who then stays there for another hour, jumping up and down and screaming.

The well-cushioned lady who doesn't think the water is as cold as it might be.

The reluctant individual who is almost prostrated by the shock of immersing himself, and who leaps over each wave as if in dire agony.

The man who devotes all his energies to getting tanned.

The people who hold hands under water and think that nobody sees them.

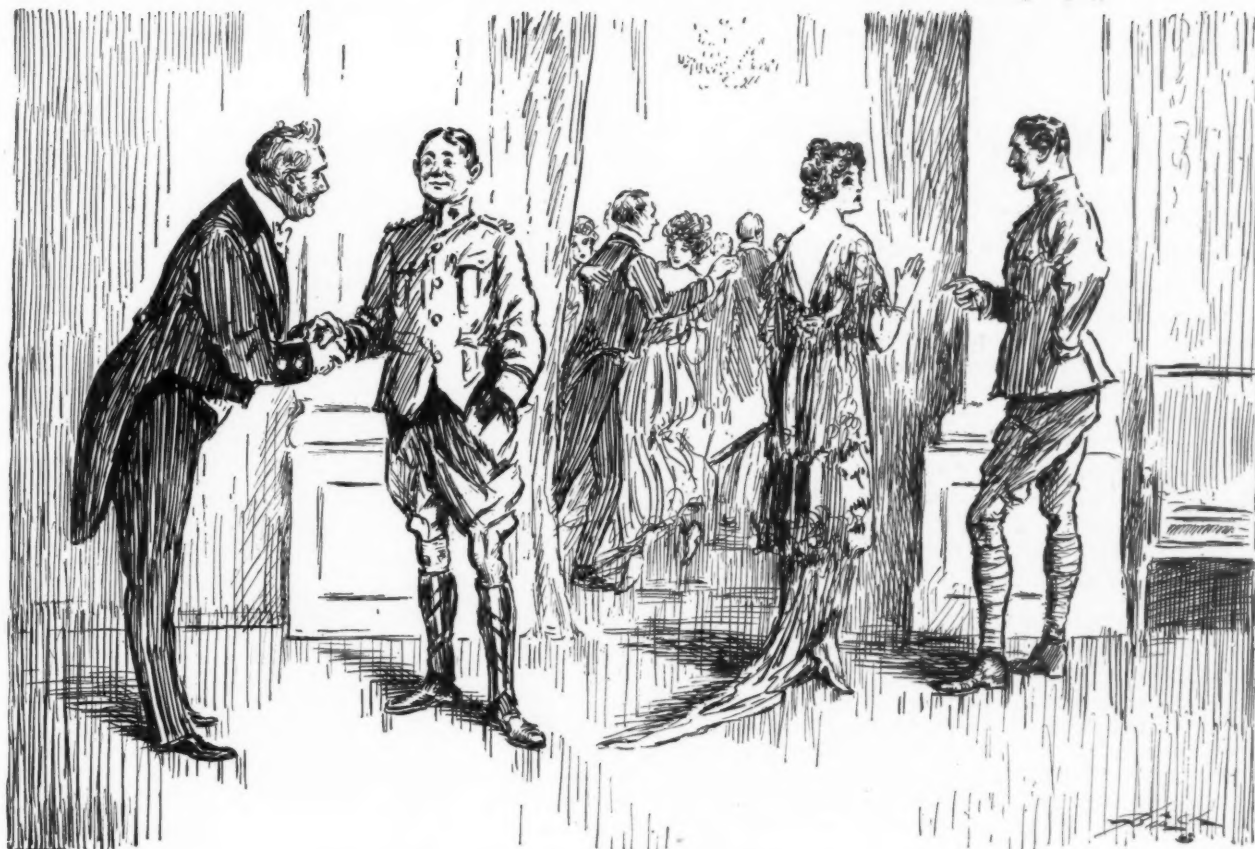
The apprehensive parent who is constantly in a twitter for fear her child will drown in five inches of water.

TED: She divorced him because he was so sarcastic.

NED: He's still inclined to be so. When he sends her alimony he makes the payments in Liberty Bonds.



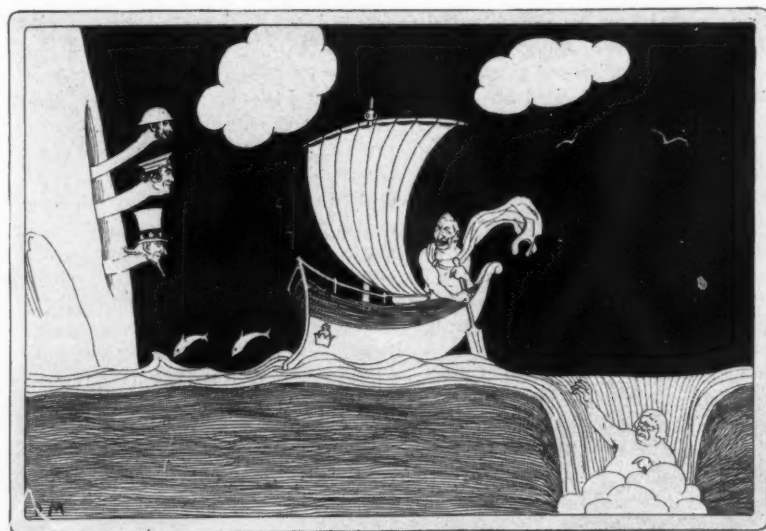
A SCIENTIFIC TURN OF MIND



"MAY I HAVE THE NEXT DANCE?"

"I'M DANCING ONLY WITH OFFICERS THIS EVENING."

"REALLY? THEN THAT'S WHY YOU JUST DANCED WITH MY CHAUFFEUR—THAT LIEUTENANT."



SCYLLA UND CHARYBDIS

First Sayings

THE last words of great men are an old story now. At considerable inconvenience and expense LIFE has been enabled to gather the following great sayings of great men upon their first introduction to the world.

H. G. Wells: "Can any man express his personal opinion of everything under the sun in the short space of forty years? Well, here goes!"

Thos. R. Marshall: "I must accustom myself at once to live in obscurity in the midst of great affairs."

Henry Ford: "No man on earth shall be forced to say to me, 'My kingdom for a flivver!'"

"I THOUGHT she had distinct suffragette tendencies."

"But that was before women had the vote."



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*"While there is Life there's Hope"*VOL. 71
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THE Italians are holding up the Austrians, the Allies generally are standing off the German assaults, and Jeremiah O'Leary has

been restored to New York.

No doubt Jeremiah is a dangerous man. No doubt he would conspire as long as he had means and opportunities of conspiracy. Probably he is pro-German, which is a loathsome naughtiness. But still, so much hard running after him, so much newspaper space given to the details of his plans and wanderings, so much reading up, and back and forth, about him, really does not quite seem economic.

If Jerry could only have agreed to stay lost on the chicken ranch in that distant state that he selected to be lost in, that would have seemed an acceptable economy and saved a lot of travel, and cackle, and much ingenious observation, and further expense for trials and perhaps for hanging Jerry, as he suggests—if, indeed, the Federal government still hangs, and has not gone off after the unpoetic method of execution by electricity.

To our mind, Jerry is one of the most foolish of men, and a blatherskite besides, and it is, in a way, a good thing to have him caught up with, but it would be much nicer to lose him than to hang him. For the trouble with Jerry and his crowd, besides their personal limitations of sense, is that England has fallen down again on home rule. Mr. T. P. O'Connor had an interesting discourse about that in the *World* of June 15th, and set forth how well Ireland started in the war, and to

what successive blunders it was due that she became so largely disaffected, and finally went off after Sinn Fein in the direction of the great bog.

Mr. O'Connor lacks something, no doubt, of being an impartial commentator on Irish matters. He speaks as an advocate of Ireland, and for some things that he says, of course, there is much to be said in reply. But he is worth hearing. He puts the blame for current Irish troubles first on Sir Edward Carson, next on Lloyd George. It seems to him to be not so much Ireland as Sir Edward Carson who is more than the government of Great Britain can handle. If anyone should be so rude as to suggest that British justice has two rules for Irishmen who plot rebellion, and that the Sinn Feiners get death or imprisonment, and Sir Edward Carson gets a place in the Cabinet, what can any just person say in denial? The Jerry O'Learys are small potatoes. What makes it necessary to chase them around is the failure of home rule, which seems to be due to the successful opposition of a few strong British junkers who have never meant to have it succeed.

Mr. O'Connor holds that, owing to a succession of bad jobs that have been done in Ireland by British governments since the war began, good feeling has been turned to bad feeling, and loyalty has given place to sullenness and conspiracy. That is not merely a British matter; it is a matter that concerns all the fighting Allies, and especially the United States. British governments let Carson and his like bully them, and American detectives have to hunt down absurd Jerry O'Learys on chicken farms out in the neighborhood

of the Rocky Mountains. It is very tiresome; oh, very! and even more tiresome, of course, to the great mass of British Liberals and to a good many sane Tories than it is to us. There ought to be available brains in the countries that are fighting Germany to clean up the Irish question and get it out of the war. The Allies have agreed to fight under orders of a Frenchman in France, believing that is the way to win the war. Possibly someone outside of British politics might be helpful about Ireland. Our Mr. McAdoo would take the matter on, of course, and settle it in his stride. But he might not be acceptable, whereas, possibly, Mr. Wilson would.



EVEN more difficult, if possible, than Ireland is Russia; more difficult because so much bigger and so inaccessible, and so imperfectly understood. Senator King of Utah, who seems to have a large, far-reaching heart, introduced a resolution in the Senate to effect that "Whereas, the Russian people desire to establish a republican form of government and are in sympathy with the cause of the United States and the Allies," and would welcome help in getting rid of the Germans, we ought to pitch right in and help them do it.

That shows a kind disposition in Senator King, but since the poor, dear Russians don't know yet what they want, and wouldn't know a republican form of government if they met it in the street, and are apparently a good deal diversified in their sentiments about the Allies, Senator King's suggestion seems hardly as good as his intentions.

Mr. Wilson said awhile ago that he intended never to go back on Russia. Dr. John R. Mott has said: "You may not understand Russia, but you must believe in her." None of us want to go back on her. None of us are willing that she should be fed to the great wild German boar. All of us, practically, believe in her. We think well of the human stuff in Russia; we like many of the Russian qualities; we be-



"WHERE IS YOUR FLAG? WAVE IT!"
"I DON'T NEED TO."

lieve that in the Russian soul there is a great and sound idea of human brotherhood, and we have faith that in the fulness of time Russia will bring a great message to mankind. Moreover, we want like anything to see her propped up and making passes again at the Germans on the eastern front, but what to do for her, and how to give her first aid, is a poser.

No doubt our government at Washington has Russia under constant consideration, and employs persons to think about her who know what a soviet is, and have the benefit of the information that comes from Mr. Francis, and other advantages that the com-

mon run of us lack. Perhaps it is to help out Russia that Mr. Baker has kept General Wood at home. But for our part we are not going to move in this matter till the government does. So far as appears we have got our hands full, and all our ships and our Allies' ships are busy, strengthening the line on the western front. There is where the war is now, and there, as we see it, the battle is being fought for all the world, including Russia.

Who would be free are entitled to all the help they can get, but they must show ability to stand on their own hind legs. Russia is still on all fours, with Germans on her back. But if

Germany is whipped in France and threatened at home, these riders will have to alight.

To win the war is the first duty. That done all details will arrange themselves.



HENRY FORD has as bad qualifications to be a senator as anyone could ask. Henry must know that, and Mr. Wilson must know it. But he has excellent qualifications for carrying a difficult election in Michigan, and in the Senate he would be a backer of the administration in the war.

That must be why Mr. Wilson has urged him to run.

The great objection to his going to the Senate is not that he is not technically qualified to be a national legislator, but that it would waste his time, which is very valuable. He is a great manufacturer, and needed at that job. It seems a pity to divert him from it.

But, besides being a great manufacturer, Henry Ford is a very considerable Democrat, and it is that that makes him a follower of Mr. Wilson. He would be interesting anywhere. If he goes to the Senate he will be interesting there, and the Senate will be the more interesting for containing him.

All the same, Michigan ought to produce a satisfactory senator who can be better spared from his job than Henry Ford.



CONGRESSMAN KAHN of California says that Federal prohibition legislation at this time would bankrupt California wine growers, and result in loss of millions of dollars.

True enough, no doubt, but a bad argument; for if the California wine poisons the country it ought to go.

But the truth is that it is one of the safest drinks the country produces, and one of the most promising helps to temperance. The California wines should be saved because they are needed. It would be a crime to destroy them.

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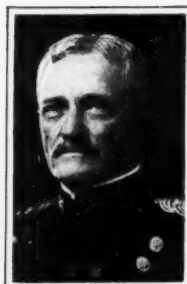
On the Western Front



he Western Front

Life's Horoscopes

JOHN J. PERSHING

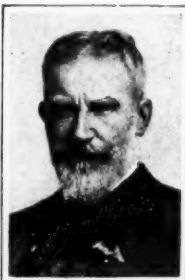


MARS and Neptune being in conjunction, with periscopes on the face of the deep and bolsheviks rising from the front-line trenches, and Saturn, the planet of delays and defects, being in the ascendant, this young man came to attention on September 12, 1860, with practically nobody in the whole state of Missouri, except his immediate family, aware of the fact. He was brought up on a diet of Indian pudding, free silver and grape juice, and, according to the ephemeris of Vulcan and Aquarius, will reach the zenith of his powers in the early spring of 1919, when all the nations of the earth will take off their hats to him.

He looks well under the American Flag, should make a practice of short journeys, accompanied by a million or so of our boys to keep him company, and when in Berlin should always appear at the head of a column. Not being superstitious, he never makes a practice of knocking Wood, although some silly folks have accused him of it.

BERNARD SHAW

THIS young man was born with ibsens forming on the face of Jupiter, shakespeares in total eclipse, the Dog Star in complete vivisection with the cusp of Saturn and pharmacopia in nebulae with the appendix of Mars. He is easily influenced by his own opinions, should avoid the drama, all doctors and British cabinets, and confine himself to a diet of spring lamb, pork, roast beef, veal cutlet and corn-beef hash, but should avoid eating meat more than three times every forenoon, otherwise he may become too intelligent. Looks best in the uniform of a British brigadier general, and would create havoc as a machine gunner, a bomber or a tanker. Should beware of Sinn Feinians, typewriters and public halls, and will do his best work as a yogi to a deaf and dumb asylum. Should never cross water or write on any subject upon which he knows something, but should rather confine himself exclusively to America and the conduct of the war



Examples of Unsuccessful Camouflage

ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE disguised as an honest American.

The Bolsheviki disguised as the real spirit of Russia.

Nation-wide Prohibition disguised as the country's greatest need.

The six sons of the house of Hohenzollern disguised as decent human beings.

The average moving-picture actress disguised as a sincere dramatic artist.



"See Paris and die"

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The Bolshevik Find a Champion

IN so big a war as this that is proceeding it is hard to keep up with all the details, and anyone who prefers to contemplate the general situation without keeping an eye on William Hearst is entitled to be excused from this minor duty. All the same, William's current acrobatic contortions are interesting. He is like the boa constrictor in the old Van Amberg menagerie song, who could

—swallow himself, crawl through himself,
Come on with great facility,
Tie himself up into a double bow-knot,
And snap his tail with great agility.

That William has opinions on any political subject is not probable. To observers who have watched his public course as reflected in his newspapers for the last twenty-five years, the likeliest solution to the puzzle of his activities must be that he has no convictions in politics or anything else, but merely animosities, and is just out to raise hell, catch as catch can, and publish newspapers and periodicals. To be sure, he has seemed to develop an itch for office, but that is probably a mere incident of animosity. It would make so many decent people mad if he became governor of New York that of course he wants to be governor. So he prints a red-white-and-blue-behind paper, nails the flag to the mast in colored ink on his editorial page, supports the administration with boisterous fervor, and quotes a five-year-old declaration attributed to Admiral Wainwright to effect (in head-line type) that the "Navy Owes All to William Randolph Hearst."

So much for support, and perhaps votes, from the loyal

but indiscriminating. But how does he square himself with that large body of his true supporters who hate the war, hate England, hate the navy and everything that stands or makes for order in the world?

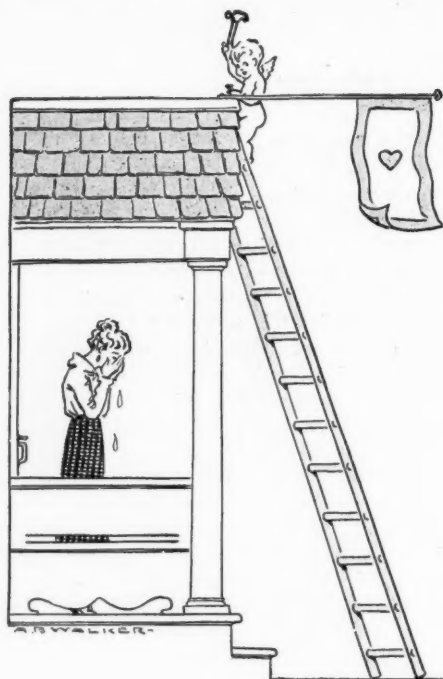
It is easy for William. He puts a pious text at the top of his editorial page and comes out strong—two big columns' worth—for the Russian Bolshevik, and against such men as "pretend that they are for this war for the sake of democracy, but who hate the Bolshevik because the Bolshevik are real democrats."

The Bolshevik here he dares not support. He may not laud the I. W. W., nor Bill Haywood, nor Emma Goldman, nor Alexander Berkman, nor Jeremiah O'Leary, nor throw up his hat for Sinn Fein, nor even holler very loud for Hillquit, the enterprising Russian Jew who ring-leads the Socialists in New York. But the Bolshevik in Russia, who, as he says, "abandoned the war in order to settle their internal differences," and who have illustrated in practice what theories and purposes fester in the minds of their brethren here, are safe to praise in Hearst's *American* as the true democrats in contrast with American democracy lately represented in Russia by "this man Root."

William has to ride two horses now, and it is quite a scary exercise. Yet he has a good many chances in his favor. Caillaux in France was in much hotter water from the start than William has been so far, and Caillaux, we believe, has no holes in him yet which prevent his presence at the table at mealtime. Hearst is an interesting character, however unedifying, and what the war will do to him is one of the things worth waiting to see.



A MESSAGE FROM THE WHITE HOUSE



THE SERVICE FLAG

"I dislike to bore you," said the stranger, seating himself on the extreme edge of the cloud, "for I'm slated for the lower regions, without any doubt. You see, I was a clergyman when I was on earth. After a while the rottenness and hellishness of the Prussians got on my nerves, and I enlisted. When I finally went into action I shot five of the devils with my rifle, clubbed another to death with the



Creeling

DO you creel? Have you ever creeled? Do you know what it means to creel? Would you creel if you could? If you saw someone else creeling would you object? Or do you consider it quite proper for anyone to creel, no matter who they are?

Is it right to creel constantly, or should certain times be set aside for it? If creeling is right for the mature, is it right for the young? All these are pertinent questions.

Creeling, we are fully aware, is considered by some a pastime, without serious consequences, except for the money it takes. But these argue, doubtless, that even if it does cost money, it is worth something to keep so many people amused.

By others creeling is taken more seriously. They solemnly declare that it is a menace to the state; that it is founded on pacifism, on crudeness, on a kind of socialism not for the best interests of all concerned, on a certain strain of egotistic vulgarity—and they think that, when so many other non-essentials are being cut out, creeling should also go.

Creeling, in short, seems to depend upon one's point of view. Perhaps the best way to decide this important question is to learn how to creel yourself first. To do this, become a socialist, then a pacifist, then a semi-journalist, then a stump speaker, then a quasi politician, and after that be ready at a moment's notice to apologize for everything that you have previously been.

All this will give you a personal, intimate idea of creeling, and you can then decide for yourself as to whether it is worth while or not for the majority of people to take it on for the duration of any war.

Heaven Makes an Exception

AROUSED from his afternoon nap by the violent ringing of the bell on the pearly gates, St. Peter staggered to his feet and peered out through the platinum sliding-panel.

"Name, address, favorite religion, cause of death and qualifications for angelhood, please?" he mumbled.

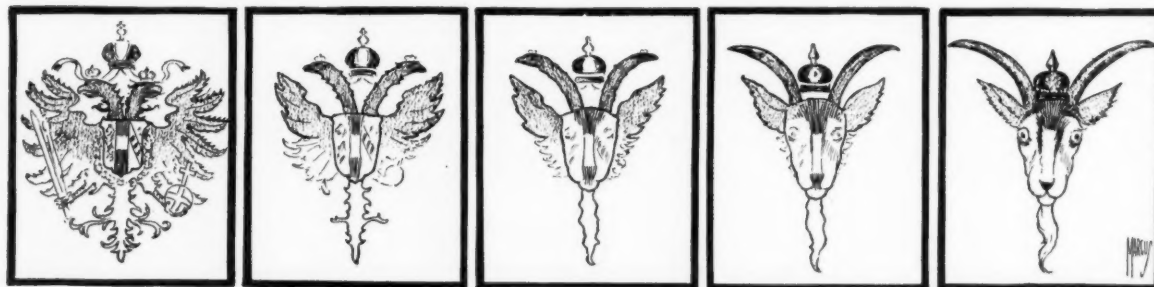
His hearer smiled sadly. "Alas," said he, "I know only too well that my sin makes it impossible for me to hope for your hospitality."

St. Peter rubbed his eyes and looked at the speaker with more interest. "Take a seat," said he, indicating a rounded cloud in the foreground. "What's your story?"

butt, blew three to pieces with a bomb, and choked, another to death with my bare hands. Of course, I should have turned the other cheek and all that sort of thing, . . . but somehow or other I don't regret it."

St. Peter smiled genially. "My dear chap," said he, "no complaints will be lodged against you in *this* court. The rotters you killed will never get this far! Step right in, old fellow! You'll find the harps in the second building on your left, and the quartermaster will fit you out with wings."

Ten seconds later the jovial old saint, having placed an assistant at the gate, was personally conducting the newcomer down the golden boulevard, in token of his admiration and esteem.

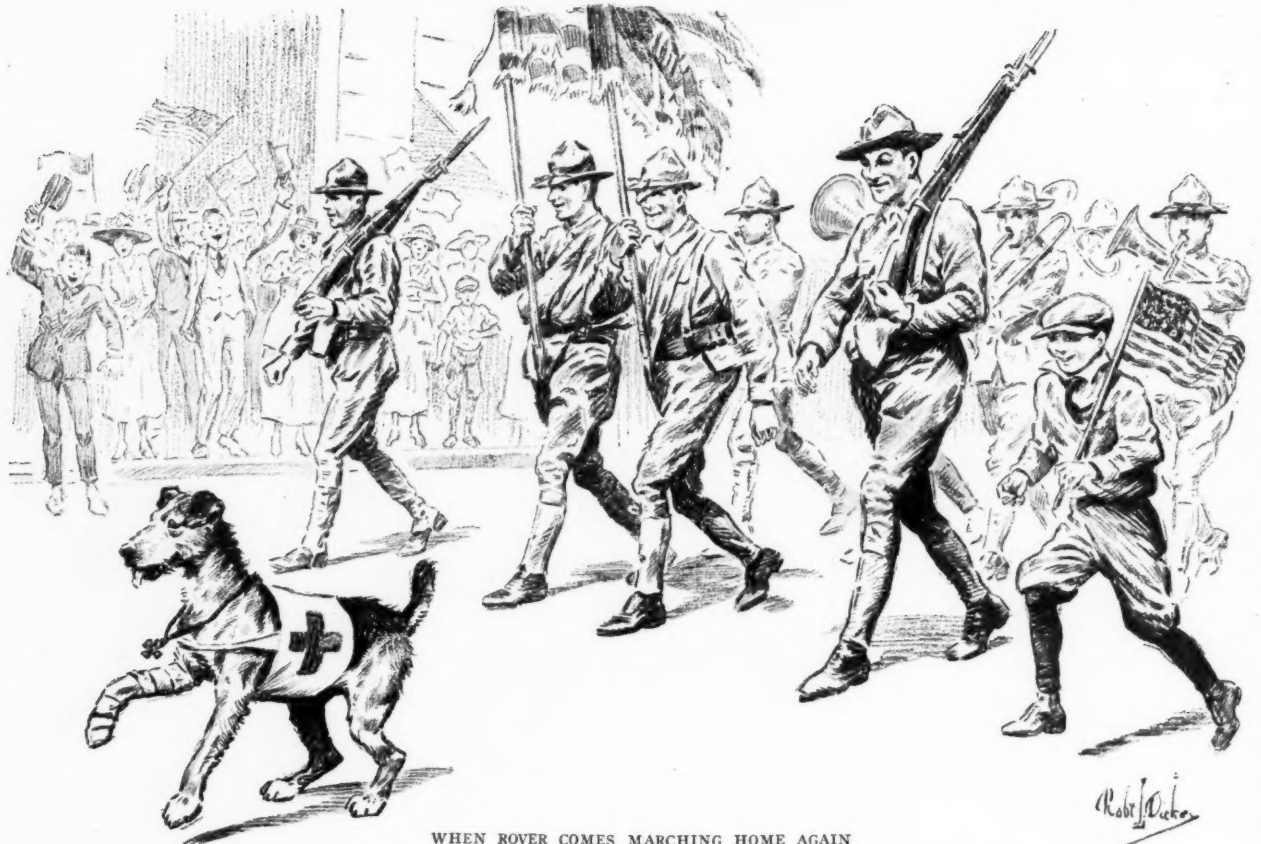


HOW AUSTRIA-HUNGARY BECAME THE GERMAN GOAT



AS THINGS APPEAR TO SMITHERS, WHO HAS BEEN DOING HIS BIT IN THE SECRET SERVICE

REA-
IRIN



WHEN ROVER COMES MARCHING HOME AGAIN

An Open Letter

Hon. A. S. Burleson.

DEAR MR. BURLESON: I write to tell you how sorry I am to see that Mr. Roosevelt has been hurting your feelings by suggesting that possibly you and Mr. Creel were trying to intimidate some papers who were telling the truth, while at the same time you were congratulating Mr. Hearst's right-hand man on becoming the editor of another paper. But you mustn't mind Mr. Roosevelt, or try to answer him back, because every time you do this the country not only suffers but also the boys at the front. While you are engaged in looking up the Bible and the encyclopedia and Alfred Tennyson in order to answer Mr. Roosevelt, just think of all the letters that are waiting here to go forward. Why, if you are going to have your attention taken off your work by Mr. Roosevelt's amusing truths, somebody might possibly abolish the new postal system, several magazines might thereby be allowed to live, somebody else might start a mail tube in New York, all the post offices throughout the country might begin to deliver mails on time—in fact, nobody can tell what would happen. I beg of you, therefore, not to mind Mr. Roosevelt. As it is, he is having a great deal more fun than he is justly entitled to.

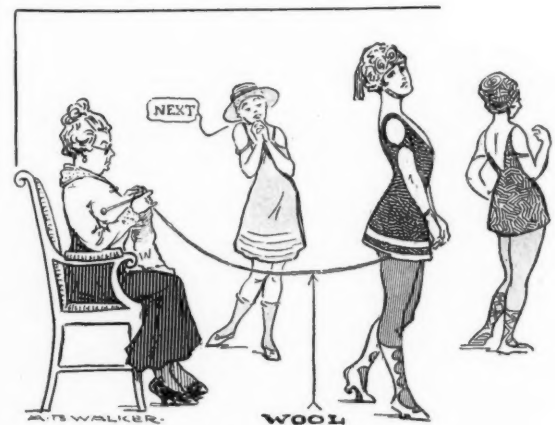
Zonefully yours,

LIFE.

Value of Advertising

"SALVATION is free!" exclaimed the evangelist.

"Yes, that's the trouble," replied the business man. "If it were marked down to ninety-eight cents from a dollar it might be more popular."



THE REASON

WOMEN'S WOOL BATHING SUITS WILL BE UNUSUALLY SHORT THIS SEASON

The Christmas Fund



CLAIRE CHALEAU,
BABY 2222

THIS isn't exactly the time of year to talk about a Christmas Fund, but LIFE has never yet made an exact accounting of the monies contributed last Christmas for gifts for the French babies then on our list. The delay has been caused by the slowness of correcting details by mail. The total amount contributed by LIFE's readers was \$2,630.88. Not knowing in advance what this would be, we authorized the committee to expend one dollar for each of the 2,200 children, being prepared to make up the deficiency ourselves, should there be one. Instead we have a surplus of \$430.88, which we have no doubt LIFE's readers will approve of our holding as a nucleus for the Christmas Fund of 1918.

Most of the contributors have received letters showing the surprise and happiness brought to the mothers and children by the gifts. The committee did its work well, and now reports that the total expenditure was 12,564.20 francs, of which 10,507.05 francs were expended for clothing and 2,057.15 for toys. Each child received a garment and a toy, the comparatively small cost of the latter being due to the fact that they were made by wounded soldiers. The garments were purchased from the charitable *ouvriers*, so that the money did a double work of help to France.

LIFE has received, in all, \$211,721.14, from which we have remitted to Paris 1,157,444.95 francs.

We gratefully acknowledge from

Max Kwielecki, Bainbridge, Ga., for Baby No. 2751..	\$73
Cynthia H. Goodwin, Washington, D. C., for Baby No. 2752	73
Mr. and Mrs. Jason H. Brookes, East Liverpool, Ohio, for Baby No. 2753..	73
"Anonymous," from Costa Rica, C. A., for Baby No. 2754	73
The Oldfield School for Girls, Glencoe, Maryland, for Babies Nos. 2756 and 2757..	146
Susan T. Morse, Lynn, Mass., for Baby No. 2762.	73
T. B. Jenkins, Richmond, Ind., for Baby No. 2764..	73
Thos. H. Kennedy, Bradford, Pa., for Baby No. 2765	73
The Morris Township Schools of Clearfield Co., Pa., for Baby No. 2768..	73
Mr. and Mrs. J. G. O'Connor, Vancouver, B. C., for Baby No. 2769..	73
Miss Ellen Reaves Brodt, Dansville, N. Y., for Baby No. 2770	73
Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Welch, Tucson, Ariz., for Baby No. 2771	73
Gene Giovanni King, Wood Ridge, N. J., for Baby No. 2772	73
Russell P. Yates, Rochester, N. Y., for Baby No. 2773	73
Mrs. C. B. Seger, New York City, for Baby No. 2774	73
Mrs. J. Clarke, W. Wheeling, W. Va., for Babies Nos. 2775 and 2776..	146
"In memory of Captain Ralph S. Hopkins," Springfield, Mass., for Baby No. 2777..	73



JOSEPH
FOULQUIER,
BABY 2408



CHRISTIANE
CASENAVE,
BABY 2454



RAOUL EHRHART,
BABY 2392

"A Bachelor," Williamstown, Mass., renewal of subscription for Baby No. 148..	73
"From a friend," New Britain, Conn., renewal of subscription for Baby No. 152..	73
Mrs. John Shugert, Bellefonte, Pa., renewal on account of subscription for Baby No. 88..	10
Mrs. C. A. Barnard, Montreal, Canada, renewal of subscription for Baby No. 301..	73
"In memory of Dr. E. von M.," Cambridge, Mass., renewal of subscription for Baby No. 5..	73
James H. King and Victor R. King, Wood Ridge, N. J., renewal for one year of subscription for Babies Nos. 126 and 127..	73
Miss Ada Howe Kent, Rochester, N. Y., renewal of subscription for Baby No. 131..	73

PAYMENTS ON ACCOUNT—Herbert K. Salmon, Netcong, N. J., \$3; The ladies of the Memorial Presbyterian Church, Appleton, Wis., \$6.10; Mrs. Anne Slack Jones, Grenada, Miss., \$3; The Sales Dept. of The Buick Motor Car Company, Flint, Mich., \$3; The Misses Florence Sweetwood, Izetta Shales and Ina Blue, Flint, Mich., \$3; A group of High School teachers, Waltham, Mass., \$43.80; Lizette Ward, Canton, Miss., \$12; X. Y. Z., Memphis, Tenn., \$3.50; Miss Grace Peterson, Akron, Ohio, \$36.50; "The Friends in Council," of Winnipeg, Canada, \$36.50; A. F. C., Pittsburgh, Pa., \$20; Miss Louise Ruffin, Tarrytown, N. Y., \$3.50; R. B. Wallace, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., \$6; The Bryn Mawr School, Baltimore, Md., \$53; The Westminster Bible Class of the First Presbyterian Church, East Liverpool, Ohio, \$13; The pupils of the James Franklin School, Toledo, Ohio, \$36.50; The officers and men of the U. S. S. Florida, Mothers' Day collection, balance of subscriptions for Babies Nos. 2715 to 2725, inclusive, \$32.

BABY NUMBER 2735

Already acknowledged	\$66.78
Miss Martha Williams, Northampton, Mass.	2
	\$68.78

BABY NUMBER 2750

Already acknowledged	\$54
Nelson P. Bonney, Norwich, N. Y.	6
The pupils of the Seventh Grade, Lincoln School, East Liverpool, Ohio.	4
	\$64

BABY NUMBER 2758

The Oldfield School for Girls, Glencoe, Md.	\$36
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THE PLAN OF THE FRENCH BABIES' FUND

A contribution of seventy-three dollars provides that for two years a destitute French child, orphaned by the war, will be kept with its mother or relatives instead of being sent to a public institution, where its chances of survival are less than in a family environment. During this critical period in the child's life its welfare is looked after and the funds disbursed by the *Fraternité Franco-Américaine*, an organization officered by eminent French men and women. The *Fraternité* has committees in every part of France, who keep in touch with the children and supervise details of management.

Contributions of less than seventy-three dollars are combined until they amount to the larger sum. To those who are unable to contribute the whole seventy-three dollars at one time a child will be assigned under a pledge to complete this amount.

As fast as received from the *Fraternité* the names and addresses of the children and their mothers, with other information, are communicated directly to the contributors for the care of each child.

The payments are made to the mothers in quarterly instalments.

Contributors wishing to correspond with the mothers should address them as "Mme. Veuve — (surname of the child)" at the town and department given. A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

Contributors will be notified at the expiration of the two years, and be given opportunity to continue the support, if they so desire.

The full amount of the funds received by LIFE is put into French exchange at the most favorable rate and remitted to the *Fraternité* with no deduction whatever for expenses. Under the present regulations of the American Red Cross LIFE is unable to forward packages to the children. Gifts of money we can remit with other funds.

Checks should be made payable to the order of LIFE Publishing Company. Owing to the large amount of detail work connected with the fund, contributions are acknowledged only through LIFE.

My Travels

I SPENT the night in Terre Haute,
 I bathed in Anghracloy,
 I found the barber in Kabul,
 I breakfasted in Troy;
 I wrote a note in Biarritz,
 I smoked in Westerholme,
 I took a nap in Attica,
 Bought magazines in Rome;
 And then I stumbled wearily
 From Birmingham to Berne,
 From Finistere to Mount Desert,
 From Goshen to Lucerne,
 From Mogador to Mexico,
 From Paris to Patchogue,
 From Inverness to Gorakphur,
 From Samarkand to Quogue,
 From Xenia to Zanzibar,
 To dine at last in Wayne—
 Upon my word, I never knew
 A longer Pullman train!

"HIS wife never knows where he is
 after nine P. M."
 "Neither does he."



"THAT'S WHERE I AM"

Lincoln Not for Liberty?

IN its issue of June 6th LIFE published a letter from Mr. Arthur H. Jennings of Lynchburg, Va., in which the writer took occasion to state that we did "injustice to a large and important section of this country by featuring" a cartoon of Lincoln in our issue of May 16th. In this cartoon the spirit of Lincoln, reviewing the Amer-

ican army of to-day, is repeating: "That the spirit of Liberty shall not pass forever from this earth." Mr. Jennings stated, among other things, that "There was no sort of 'liberty' whatever included in the Lincoln program." LIFE made no comment on this letter, believing that its publication would draw from our readers an ex-

pression of opinion as to whether Abraham Lincoln did stand for liberty. We are glad to say that we were not in error, and we publish herewith as many expressions of opinions as our limited space will allow, at the same time extending to the authors of those that have been crowded out the assurance of our consideration.

What's in a Name?

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE—Sir: After reading the letter of Arthur H. Jennings I can see no possible reason as to why Lynchburg should not live up to its name.
 Yours sincerely,

H. P. DANA.

Washington, D. C., June 5, 1918.

Alien Sentiments?

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE—Sir: The letter from Mr. Jennings of Virginia in this week's issue (speaking of rabid Southerners) reminds me of something I heard recently of a Spartanburg landlady who boards the Northern officers and their wives.

A Pennsylvania captain boarding there heard her say of the Stars and Stripes, "It is only lately that we could tolerate that flag! Now they even take it into church!"

She must have been of the Jennings type, but I want to add that such disloyal sentiments are not common, so far as I have ever met the South, and I married a red-hot Johnny Reb from that same section, and have lived among them for months.

I never heard any such sentiments, even though Sherman left them destitute.

FLORENCE BARNES.

Washington, D. C., June 5, 1918.

This Is Part of It

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE—Sir: In your issue of June 6th I was surprised at the letter addressed to yourself and printed—"Lincoln Not for Liberty?"

My surprise was not that you published the letter, as I believe you often do, even when the contents do not agree with your own views, but that the letter

was published with no editorial comment, since I am certain that you do not in the least agree with what the letter says, the general effect of the statements being entirely contrary to the facts.

I take great interest in, and have a high regard for, your editorial remarks. You are entirely competent to express your views in forceful English, and I accordingly trust that, even if not appearing in the same issue with the original letter, your reply will be forthcoming.

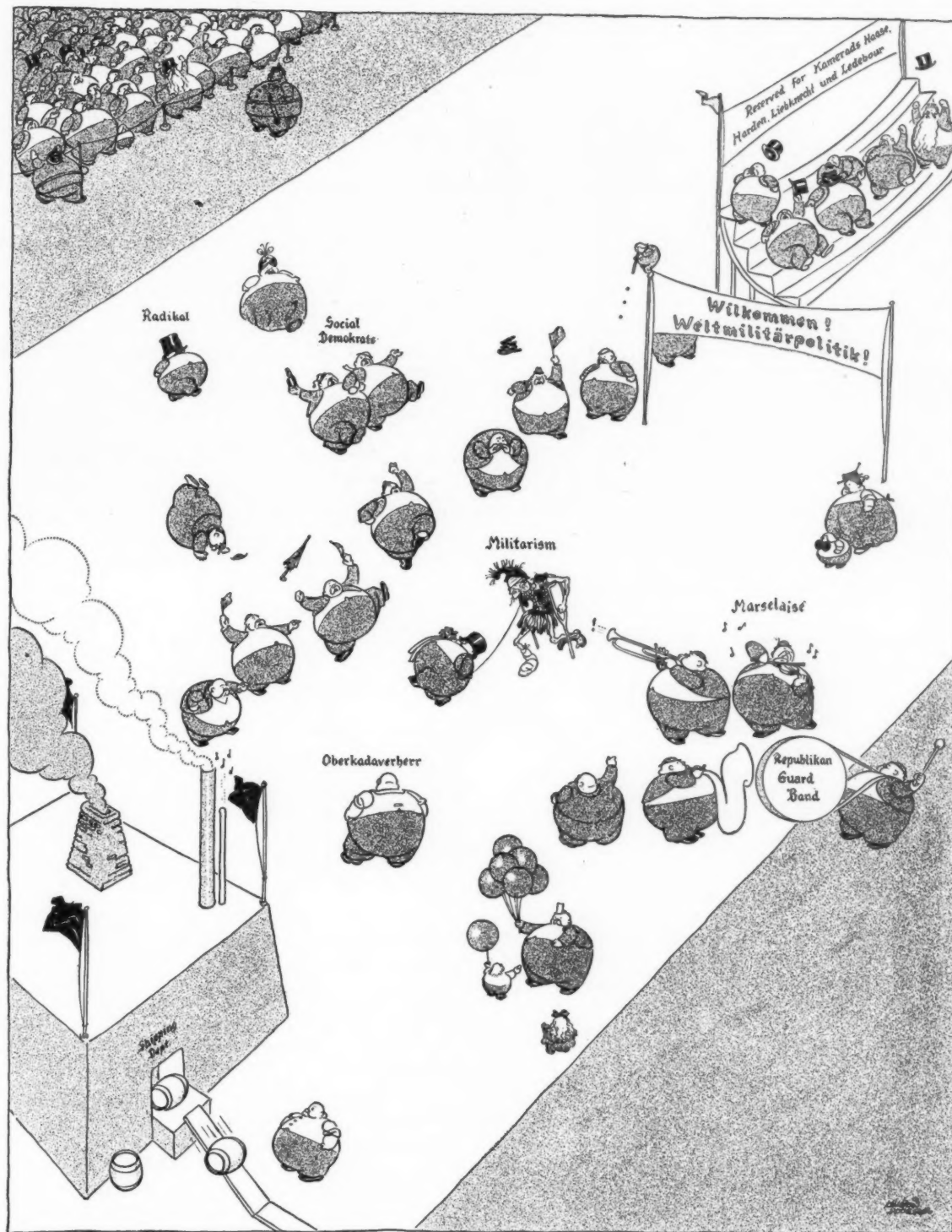
Very truly yours,

J. R. GLADDING.

Providence, R. I., June 6, 1918.

We Hope He Gets It

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE—Sir: Will you give to a Southerner, a Tennessean and a Democrat, the privilege of answering
 (Continued on page 1042)



DER END

ARRIVAL AT KRIEGSKADAVERVERWERTUNGSGESELLSCHAFT



IF THE ANTI-LOAFING LAW IS STRICTLY ENFORCED



SLINKSON DISCOVERS THAT THE BARBER WHO IS GOING TO SHAVE HIM IS THE GIRL HE JILTED LAST WINTER

Heroes

THE heroes of the story books are ever in a pose,
They always die with words of high and lofty verse
or prose;
But when the old Tuscania went down with flying flag
Our khaki gang of heroes sang a gay and foolish rag!

"Where do we go from here, boys, where do we go from here?"

Across the sea the melody came dancing free and clear.
They faced their fate with souls elate and hearts that knew
no fear,
With "Where do we go from here, boys, where do we go
from here?"

"Where do we go from here, boys, where do we go from here?"

A song, in truth, of valiant youth, that never loses cheer.
They felt the breath of clammy death, but with a lilt sin-
cere,

Their laughing shout rang blithely out. "Where do we go
from here?"

It is a tale whose wondrous thrill we all of us can share,
When brave men meet their destiny with spirit debonair.
What foe can hope with boys to cope who sing, when death
is near,

"Where do we go from here, boys, where do we go from here?"

Berton Braley.

The One Thing Needful

IT is only by visions that we live. A nation, an individual,
with a great mirage of a higher destiny, is still-born.

America cannot live by prosperity alone. It must believe
in a supremely great future; and must be prepared to die,
if need be, for that ideal.

What does this war mean to America? Only dullards
and Gradgrinds ask that question. The answer is not in
our pockets nor in our lives—it lies in the future. It is a
Vision.

Conjure up the spirits of Washington, Lafayette, Tom
Paine and Lincoln, and they will tell you why we are fight-
ing. They fought for a Vision—something not seen with
the eyes nor felt of the hand.

Ask the spirits of Joan of Arc, Bruno and John Brown
why they died in flames and on the gibbet. They will
answer, "Because we had a Vision!"

America to-day fights for the Vision that is her soul—
her birth-soul—Ultimate Democracy and the Freedom of a
Planet.

The Wife's Standpoint

DIMPLETON: I simply have got to have some relief
from business; and if President Wilson plays golf
every day I don't see why I can't.

MRS. DIMPLETON: Ah, my dear, but you must remember
that President Wilson hasn't the responsibilities that you
have.

TORBENSEN

INTERNAL GEAR TRUCK DRIVE



Which Rear Axle—and Why?

The most authoritative statistics prove the growing use of internal gear drive for motor trucks. Just as internal gear drive, generally, has developed with such steadiness, so Torbensen Drive has become the recognized leader of internal gear drives. Imagine the parts shown here, put together as the arrows indicate. Then you have Torbensen Internal Gear Drive.

It is an exceptionally simple rear axle drive. Its simplest part—and the part that has contributed most to the Torbensen success—is the strong, forged-steel I-Beam, shown below.

This I-Beam is the load carrier. Its construction makes it extra strong, though very light in weight. The same time-tried engineering experience that has made the I-Beam standard for front axles, dictated an I-Beam for the rear.

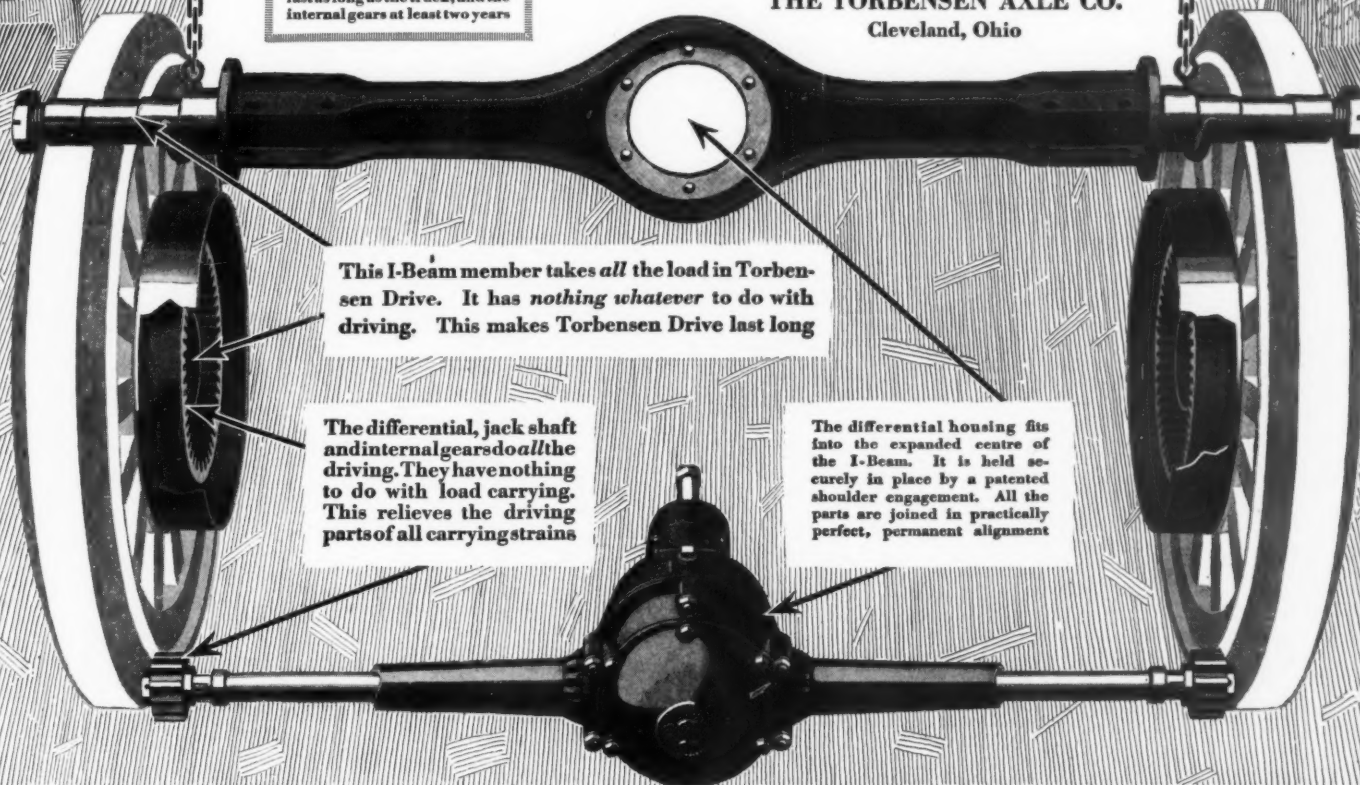
We patented this I-Beam. We have protected it completely. No other rear axle drive has or can have it. It is the outstanding feature of Torbensen Drive—the one form of internal gear application to rear axles that cannot be imitated. It is the backbone of Torbensen Drive—the foremost reason for its leadership.

This I-Beam makes Torbensen Drive strong and secure under any and all service conditions. Its great strength—its absolute reliability—makes possible our generous Gold Bond Guarantee.

Torbensen Drive is made to last. Every owner gets a GOLD BOND GUARANTEE that the I-Beam axle and spindles will last as long as the truck, and the internal gears at least two years.

Any Torbensen-equipped truck provides you with our written guarantee of honest rear axle service.

THE TORBENSEN AXLE CO.
Cleveland, Ohio



This I-Beam member takes *all* the load in Torbensen Drive. It has *nothing whatever* to do with driving. This makes Torbensen Drive last long.

The differential, jack shaft and internal gears do *all* the driving. They have *nothing* to do with load carrying. This relieves the driving parts of all carrying strains.

The differential housing fits into the expanded centre of the I-Beam. It is held securely in place by a patented shoulder engagement. All the parts are joined in practically perfect, permanent alignment.

Largest Builder in the World of Rear Axles for Motor Trucks



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

Holding Him to His Word

"I thought you said when we began this case in court," said the lawyer, "that it wasn't the money you were after but the principle of the thing."

"I did say that, but what of it?"

"Do you still feel that way about it?"

"Of course I do."

"Well, in that event, since we have just won a splendid victory, I'll keep the money the jury awarded you, and you may have the verdict."

—Detroit Free Press.

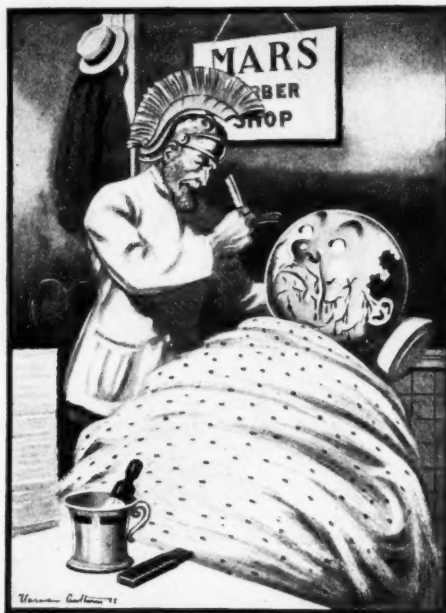
Big Scoop

"What'll you gimme for an interview with Senator Wombat?"

"I'll pay you well if you really got an interview. But everybody knows that Senator Wombat never talks."

"I got an interview, though. I raised my eyebrows and he nodded his head."

—Kansas City Journal.



"SHALL I GO OVER THE FACE AGAIN, SIR?"

A Large and Appreciative Audience

A Canadian soldier in the region of Vimy Ridge met a swanking English officer, whom, according to good Canadian custom, he did not salute. The officer stopped him.

"Look here, my man," he said, "don't you know I'm an officer? Why don't you salute?"

"Oh," said the Canadian, "are you an officer?"

"Yes," replied the officer, and then noticing for the first time that the man was a Canadian, he added with annoyance, "Oh, you're a Canadian, aren't you? Well, do you know that you Canadians give us more trouble than the whole rest of the English army put together?"

"Yes," replied the Canadian with a slow smile. "That's what Fritz thinks, too."—Chaparral.

Coming Back at the Court

JUDGE (severely): Aren't you ashamed to be seen here so often?

BOOZY BILL: Why, bless yer honor, this place is quite respectable ter some places where I'm seen.

—Boston Transcript.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents. Issues prior to 1910 out of print.

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Notice of change of address should reach this office ten days prior to the date of issue to be affected.

GOOD FRIENDS
GOOD CIGARS
GOOD STORIES

AND

OLYSMIC

OF COURSE

KING OF TABLE WATERS



"AH BELIEVES WHAT YOU SAY—DAT DAT LOOKS LIKE ME. BUT WHAT I ARGIFIES IS, DOES I LOOK LIKE DAT?"

IF

Animal senses, subject cause make Will y fence and so subscr month Cham year? NEW 456 Fo

Mottoes for Moderns

FOR the German incendiary spy in the United States:

"Keep the home fires burning."

For the manicurist:

"Many hands make heavy work."

For the barber:

"Over the top."

For the pianist in the apartment overhead:

"Cut a chord."

For the German officer whom the Tommies threw into a pig-pen:

"Kamerad! Kamerad!"

For the man struggling to eat peas with his knife:

"Peas without victory."

For the poker player:

"Chips will win the war."

For my boss:

"Raise more."

For the United States Secret Service:

"On to Berlin."

For Herbertless Hooverless:

"The end of a perfectless day."

For Henry Ford with his latest device for getting the German boys out of the trenches:

"I tank you."

For I. W. W. ship riveters:

"Strike while the iron is hot."

For a censor:

"No news is good news."

For Director Generalissimo McAdoo:

"I've been working on the railroad."

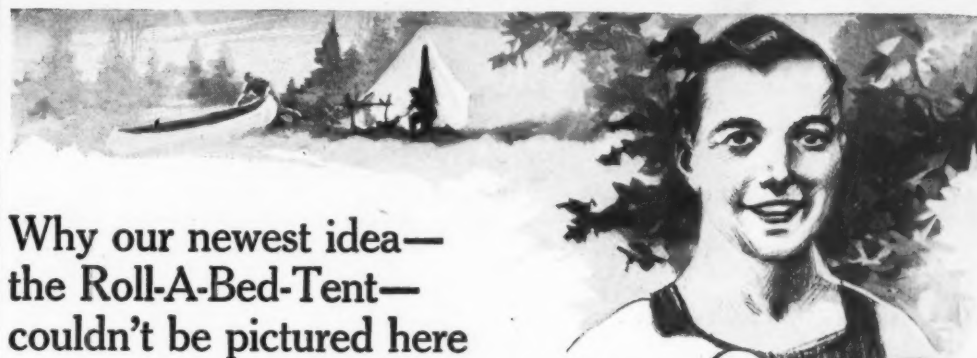
For milksop officials when punishing German spies:

"The pen is mightier than the sword."

For the Bolshevik:

"Would that I had a thousand countries to give for my life."

C. N. Stone.



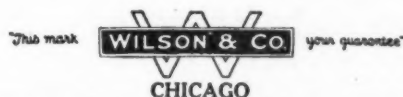
Why our newest idea—the Roll-A-Bed-Tent—couldn't be pictured here

FOR several months we have been perfecting a real joy for the motorist and camper—the Wilson Roll-A-Bed-Tent. It had to be exactly right before we could announce it, and therefore it could not be shown in this picture, although it was ready—tested and approved—the day before this advertisement was written.

It is a folding cot—either double or single—a bedding roll and a tent, all in one. It can be set up in a few minutes in any convenient place and can likewise be folded quickly and attached to the running board of any automobile.

In the Wilson "Restgood" line of bed rolls and campers' equipment we make pretty nearly everything the tourist or camper needs for his comfort—good, durable things that are worth every cent you pay for them. A few are illustrated herewith. Ask your dealer for them.

Write us for illustrated literature and full particulars about the Wilson Roll-A-Bed-Tent. Addr. Dept. 101.



Makers of the famous line of "Restgood" mattresses, box springs and pillows



IF Animals Could Speak

Animals have every one of the five human senses, but cannot talk! Why should they be subjected to unbearable tortures merely because of one omission that would practically make them human?

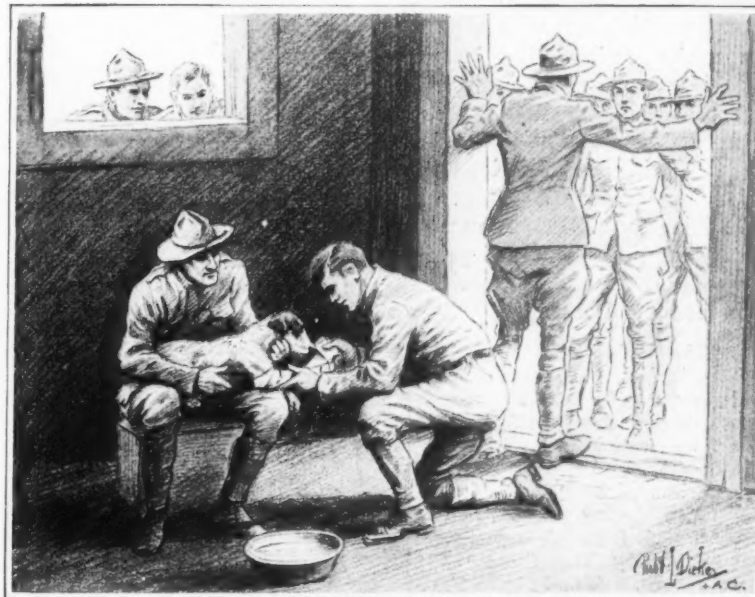
Will you express your sympathy for the defenceless creatures of God's own handiwork and send a contribution in the form of a subscription to "THE OPEN DOOR," the monthly exponent of Anti-vivisection and *Champion* of our dumb friends, at \$1.00 a year? Address—Now:

NEW YORK ANTI-VIVISECTION SOCIETY,
456 Fourth Ave., New York.



**Soothe Your
Itching Skin
With Cuticura**

All druggists: Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25.
Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston."



THE WOUNDED MASCOT

"HE'S BETTER, BUT HE AIN'T WELL ENOUGH TO SEE ANYBODY YET"

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Murderous

A Frenchman was waiting at a railroad station in Ireland when a couple of natives sat down beside him.

Said one: "Sure, Pat, it's down to Kilmory I've been, and I'm on me way back to Kilpatrick."

"Ye don't say so," said the other. "It's mesself that's just after being down to Kilkenny, and I stop here a bit before I go to Kilmor."

"What assassins!" exclaimed the Frenchman. "Would that I were safely lack in France!"—*John Bull.*

TOMMY and Timmy were bored stiff. They were smothered in mud, short of cigarettes, and hungry. They both sat silent for a time, then Tommy suddenly burst out:

"Fancy, Tim, a munition-worker gets four quid a week for making shells!"

"Yus," growled Tommy, "and we get a bob a day for stopping 'em!"

—*Tit-Bits.*

Here America Is First

The first great and large job of fighting done in France by America was with its engineers. The English and French stood amazed at the rapidity and completeness with which the American engineers achieved stupendous results. We had not hitherto trained on a large scale to handle guns; but we had trained to handle building brains and building tools. In that necessary and important department of war-making we were instantly at home.

"**The Fighting Engineers**," by Francis A. Collins, gives a thrilling account of what the more than 100,000 engineers have achieved in the war, and indicates what further may be expected of these American fighting men. "**The Fighting Engineers**" is helpfully illustrated from photographs, is published by The Century Co., New York, and is sold by all book-sellers for \$1.30.



EGYPTIAN DEITIES

The Ultimate in Cigarettes
Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture and refinement invariably PREFER Deities to any other cigarette.

25¢

Anargynos

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World



A Proficient Instructor

When father came home to dinner he observed a vacant chair at the table. "Where's the boy?" he asked, nodding to the chair.

"Harry is upstairs," came in a tone of painful precision from the mother.

"I hope he is not sick."

There was an anxious pause. "No, he is not sick," continued the mother. "It grieves me to say, Richard, that our son, your son, has been heard swearing on the street. I heard him myself."

"Swearing!" exclaimed the father. "I'll teach him to swear!" And with that the angry parent started upstairs in the dark. Half-way up he stumbled and came down with his chin on the top step.

When the confusion had subsided Harry's mother was heard saying from the hallway: "That will do, Richard, dear. You have given him enough for one lesson."—*Harper's Magazine.*

Too Busy Between Meals

"What do you think of the army as far as you have gone?" inquired a sergeant of a newly arrived recruit at camp.

"I may like it after a while, but just now I think there is too much drilling and fussing around between meals," was the reply.—*Trench and Camp.*

On the Transport

BILL: This blinkin' sea's orful!

'ARRY: Oh, I dunno. It's nice to see the froth on somethink these days!

—*Punch.*

THE Blue Devils from France who have just been visiting the United States are not at all of the same kind that LIFE scares away from its annual subscribers every Tuesday morning.



A SUGGESTION TO TREACHEROUS HUNS

If You Are Leaving Town

please advise us of any intended change in your address. The post office forwards only letters to changed addresses, not papers. Send us prompt notice or your copies will be lost.

Notice must reach us ten days in advance—by the Monday of the week preceding the date of changing the address.

LIFE

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Books Received

Fiction

Rekindled Fires, by Joseph Anthony. (Henry Holt & Co., \$1.40.) A study of home life in a Bohemian-American community.

When "Bear Cat" Went Dry, by Charles Neville Buck. (W. J. Watt & Co., \$1.40.) The story of a young man's fight against inebriety and lawlessness in the Cumberlands.

The Statue in the Wood, by Richard Pryce. (Houghton, Mifflin Company, \$1.50.) A novel of the mid-Victorian period portraying a young widow's awakening.

My Airman Over There, by his wife. (Moffat, Yard & Co., \$1.35.) A homely love story and a romance of the air in the form of letters.

The Stucco House, by Gilbert Cannan. (George H. Doran Company, \$1.50.) A novel dramatizing the personal problem of a middle-aged romanticist conditioned by industrialism.

Green and Gay, by Lee Holt. (John Lane Company, \$1.40.) A hospital romance of Normandy.

His Job, by Horace Blackley. (John Lane Company, \$1.40.) A story of industrial England before the war.

Suspense, by Isabel Ostrander. (Robert McBride & Co., \$1.40.) A mystery story by the author of "The Clue in the Air."

Poetry and Drama

They The Crucified and Comrades, by Florence Taber Holt. (Houghton, Mifflin Company, \$1.) Two short plays of the war in France and Belgium.

The Two Cromwells, by Liddell De Lesseline. (Stewart & Kidd Company, Cincinnati, \$1.) A tragedy written in prose on the theme of a ruler's moral duty.

The Habitant, by William Henry Drummond. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) A new edition of Drummond's French-Canadian poems.

The Shadow-Eater, by Benjamin De Casseres. (The Wilmarth Publishing Company, New York.) A volume of poems or rhythmic utterances of the rejection and negation of life.

Essays

The Great Thousand Years, by Ralph Adams Cram. (Marshall Jones Company, Boston, \$1.) A study of mediaevalism and the monastic idea by a Catholic philosopher of history.


American Education, by Sydney G. Fisher. (Richard C. Badger, Boston, \$1.25.) An elementary exposition of educational methods.

The War

The War and After, by Sir Oliver Lodge. (George H. Doran Company, \$1.50.) A philosophical study of recent international history and a discussion of after-war problems.

Over Periscope Pond, by Esther Sayles Root and Marjorie Crocker. (Houghton, Mifflin Company, \$1.50.) The home letters of two American girls who volunteered for war work in Paris.

The Big Fight, by Capt. David Fallon, M. C. (W. J. Watt & Co., \$1.50.) A graphic narrative by an Australian officer who fought at Gallipoli and won the Military Cross at the Somme.



Berthoud Pass
Rocky Mountain National Park • Colorado

"Go out over the Western hills, and you will come back, as I have come back, without depression, with a heart full of confidence," says Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane.

Your National Parks are Open This Year

REDUCED RAILROAD FARES

Uncle Sam Invites You to Rest and Recuperate This Summer in These Wonderful Natural Recreation Spots. In the Snow-Cooled Breezes, among the Peaks and Pines of the Colorado Rockies, You Can Relax and Gain New Strength and Inspiration to Serve Your Country More.

DENVER, THE GATEWAY

to 12 National Parks and
32 National Monuments

Let us help you plan your Western trip, tell you where to go, what to see, how to get there, and what it costs. Send for descriptive literature.

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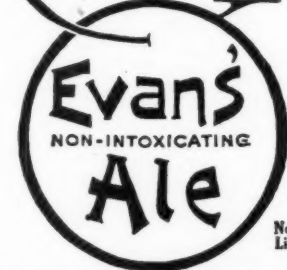
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A delightful non-intoxicating beverage for Cottage, Club and Camp. Substantial, satisfying and healthful with meals or between them.

Up-to-Date Grocers, Druggists and Dealers
C. H. EVANS & SONS Established 1786 HUDSON, N. Y.



"DOING HIS BIT"

Just Behind the Front in France, by Noble Foster Hoggson. (John Lane Company, \$1.50.) The impressions of a member of the Industrial Commission to France.

The Roots of the War, by William Stearns Davis, in collaboration with William Anderson and Mason W. Tyler. (The Century Company, \$1.50.) A popular history of international relations in the period of German ascendancy.

FIVE dollars is worth five dollars the world over, thanks to the world's final recognition of America's greatness. But it's worth a good deal more than five dollars if it's put into an annual subscription to LIFE.

Remove superfluous hair in five minutes

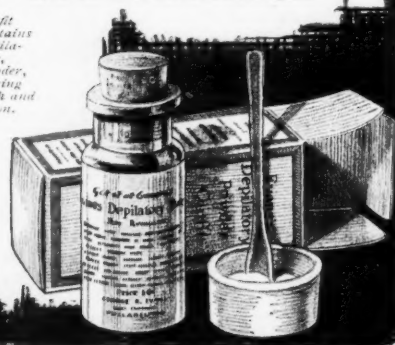
One simple application of Evans's Depilatory removes hair harmlessly, cleanly, comfortably.

Its occasional use keeps the underarms, lips and other parts hair-free for a long time. Permanent removal of hair is always harmful.

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Outfit
Contains
Depilatory,
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Dish and
Spoon.



Lincoln Not for Liberty?

(Continued from page 1034)

the letter of Arthur Jennings in your issue of date June 6th? Mr. Jennings questions Lincoln's attachment to liberty. It is undoubtedly true, as Mr. Jennings asserts, that the South was fighting in the Lost Cause for liberty. Neither Lee, Jackson nor any other intelligent and conscientious leader of the South would have fought a single moment for slavery, negro, white or any other kind. They



THE GENTLEMAN FARMER PUTS OUT A SCARECROW

knew their own cause, and it was liberty with a big L.

But the shortcoming of those men was that they failed to understand the truth of Webster's historic phrase, "Liberty and Union, one and inseparable." There is in the long run no liberty without union; or, to put it a little differently, one must sacrifice some smaller liberty in order to keep the larger liberty. Thank a kind Providence that Lincoln saw it!

What would have happened if the South could have had its way, we see before our eyes in Russia. There one "free and independent" republic after another is being carved out of the domain of the late powerful empire, "with the approval of Germany," because nothing plays into the hands of the autocrat more neatly (in his plan of ultimate domination) than such exhibitions of Liberty without Union. And the Bolsheviks love to have it so.

Patrick Henry was the Bolshevik of his day; so also, to some extent, was Thomas Jefferson. But, thank God! Washington and Hamilton *et al.* were there to point the better way. Davis was the Bolshevik of '61, and if he could have had his way there would now be a dozen or two, or even three dozen, little republics in North America. And it would have had the approval of all the would-be autocrats that it should be so.

Give It to His Mother

"Keeping Our Fighters Fit—For War and After" is by Edward Frank Allen, who wrote it in co-operation with Raymond B. Fosdick, Chairman of the War Department and Navy Department Commissions on Training Camp Activities; and it contains a special statement written for the book by President Wilson. The book tells what is being done by the Government, and done for the first time in its history, for the comfort, safety and happiness of the soldiers and sailors called to the training camps to prepare to serve their country. It is a book of reassurance and information—information that should have unusual value in helping those back home to co-operate, and to co-operate not wastefully, in the interest of a great work. The book is interestingly illustrated from photographs. It is published by The Century Co., New York, and is sold by all booksellers for \$1.25. Give it to his mother.

PETER J. CAREY, PRINTER

The BILTMORE
43rd and 44th Sts. and Madison Ave.
The Cascades
19th Floor—Always Cool
Most unique dining room in New York.
New decorations and lighting effects.
Dancing
Supervision Cameron Sisters

BELL-ANS
Absolutely Removes
Indigestion. One package
proves it. 25c at all druggists.

Wouldn't Kaiser Bill have had a sweet and easy time of it swallowing one after another of our "free" States if the bond of Union had been cut? I can imagine him doing it; and he would have started in on South Carolina, as a piece of poetic justice.

And, more to the point, there would be to-day no millions of Sammies pouring their cheerful and victory-purposing way across the Atlantic to tell the Kaiser where he gets off. The proof of Lincoln's work—no Liberty without Union—is seen in the uniting of the Allied command under Foch; it is seen in the fore-castings of a League of Nations to preserve the future peace of the world.

And Lincoln saw all this. He was its prophet. All his speeches and state papers prove it. How do the immortal words run—"that government of the people, for the people, by the people, may not perish from the earth"? Not from North America only. A disunited America meant an enslaved America, and that meant an enslaved world.

May I trespass further on your time to say that there is, in my judgment, nothing better being done for the Cause anywhere in the world than the work that LIFE is doing? It is a perfect joy to the lover of liberty to read your pages each week. They are so good that we can afford to overlook your mistakes about liquor and vivisection. My only fear is that the Kaiser may not be getting his copy regularly. One half the good that you can do is lost in that case.

Are you sure his copy gets to him?

Yours, etc.,

WM. M. WASHINGTON.

Port Huron, Mich., June 5, 1918.

Its Body

ELEGANCE

IS ON A PAR WITH THE

EFFICIENCY

of its self-preserving motor

TASTES may differ as to body styles—

BUT the superior efficiency of the Willys-Knight type of motor is established beyond a question.

ECONOMY of operation and endurance, absence of troubles, freedom from adjustments and delays are advantages enjoyed by 25,000 Willys-Knight owners.

IT IS the only type of engine that is self-preserving and improves with use.

THE sleeve-valve motor holds every world's record for length of run—

POWER produced, absence of wear and lack of carbon deposit!

THE supreme quietness of this sleeve-valve motor would severely emphasize the slightest squeak or noise of ordinary bodies—

THEREFORE, besides the charm of the Willys-Knight's appearance it is of a new and better noiseless body construction.

Willys-Overland Inc., Toledo, Ohio
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Four, touring car
Eight, touring car



Four forms of
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Shaving Soaps

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Send 20c. in stamps for trial sizes of the four forms shown here. Or send 6c. in stamps for any one.

The J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
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After the shave you will enjoy the comforting touch of Williams' Talc. Send 4c. for a trial size of the Violet, Carnation, English Lilac or Rose.



PATENTED Holder Top Shaving Stick

Williams' Shaving Soap is as much at home in camp or at the front as it is in a bathroom. The water need not be hot, your brush need not be a fine badger, to coax Williams' Shaving Soap into a lather. Like a good soldier, it fits into any kind of life, and delivers its full quota of rich, creamy, lasting lather, even under difficult shaving conditions. Pass this war comfort along to your soldier. It is one of the few luxuries the Government permits.

